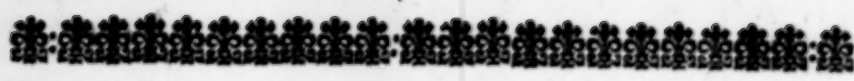


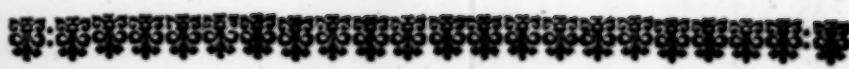
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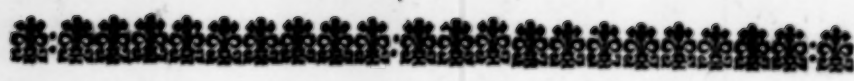
June the 19th. 1688.

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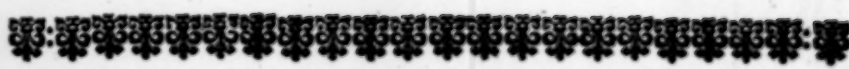
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June the 19th. 1688.

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Britannia Rediviva:
A
P O E M
ON THE
B I R T H
OF THE
P R I N C E.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

*Dii Patrii Indigetes, & Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, & Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso Puerum succurrere saclo
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontæ luimus Perjuria Trojæ.*
Virg. Georg. i.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Tonson, at the Judges-Head in
Chancery-Lane, near Fleet-street. 1688.

Beitrag zur Medizin

1900

(Continued on next page)

[1]
Britannia Rediviva:

A
P O E M
O N T H E
P R I N C E,

Born on the 10th. of June, 1688.

O U R Vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:
Preventing Angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to Praise, who came to Pray:

Just on the Day, when the high mounted Sun
Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,
He bended forward and ev'n stretch'd the Sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year;
To view a Brighter Sun in *Britaine* Born;
That was the Bus'ness of his longest Morn,
The Glorious Object seen t'was time to turn.

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the Genial Bed,
But left the manly Summer in her sted,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,
And to fulfill the promise of the year.

B

Betwixt

2 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

Betwixt two Seasons comes th' Auspicious Heir,
This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

(a) Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend;
But when his Wondrous (b) Octave rowl'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train.
So great a Blessing to so good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the Mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in Council to Create our Sire?
It seems as if they sent the New-Born Guest
To wait on the Procession of their Feast;
And on their Sacred Anniverſe decree'd
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd,
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd:
The Mighry Trine the Triple Empire shar'd,
As every Person wou'd have One to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs! by holy Violence
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire:
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us *English-Men* again,
No less can give us than a Patriarchs Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;

(a) *Whit-Sunday.* (b) *Trinity-Sunday.*

Thy Father's Angel and Thy Father joyn
To keep Possession, and secure the Line;
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,
Great may they be like his, like his be late.
That *James* this running Century may view,
And give his Son an Auspice to the New.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the (c) Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the (d) Travail, and devour the Prey.
Or, if Allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes besieg'd his Young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Opposition makes a Heroe Great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And *Jove* assert the Godhead of his Son.

O still repining at your present state,
Grudging your selves the Benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Blessing sent you in your own Despight.
The Manna falls, yet that Cœlestial Bread
Like *Jews* you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,
Yet forty Years to wander in the Wild:
Or if it be, may *Moses* live at least
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,

(c) Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party, here and in other places of the Poem. (d) Rev. 12. v. 4.

4 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

By tracing Heav'n his Footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully He walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in his ways,
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual Eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruine lye,
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry. }
Already has he lifted high, the (e) Sign
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of *Constantine*:
The (f) Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her Train of Stars have lost their Light.

Behold another (g) *Sylveſter*, to bleſs
The Sacred Standard and ſecure Succeſs;
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his Univerſal Seat.

Now view at home a (b) ſecond *Constantine*;
(The former too, was of the *Brittiſh* Line)
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches cloſ'd,
Whoſe Exile many fought, and few oppos'd?
Or, did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom
Permit thoſe Evils, that this Good might come?
So manifeſt, that ev'n the Moon-ey'd Sects
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our Minds no more
Than that One Shipwrack on the Fatal (i) Ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What Wonders God reſerves for ſuch a Reign.

(e) *The Croſs.* (f) *The Creſcent, which the Turks bear for their Arms.*
(g) *The Pope in the time of Conſtantine the Great, alluding to the preſent Pope.*
(h) *K. James the Second.* (i) *The Lemmon Ore.*

A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE. 5

To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought;
Were to think *Noah* was preserv'd for nought;
Or the Surviving Eight were not design'd
To people Earth, and to restore their Kind.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The Manly Lines of a Majestick face
Give awful joy: 'Tis Paradise to look
On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;
If the first opening Page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!

See how the Venerable Infant lyes
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how He smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his Throne,
Assures our Birthrights, and assumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth, which it self is light, does darkness shun,
And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.

(k) Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in Earth,
But sickned after all their baffled lyes,
To find an Heir apparent of the Skyes:

(k) alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderness.

6 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not Great (l) *Aeneas* stood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd away,
He to the *Tyrians* shew'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace:
For She her self had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own Purple Light.

If our Victorious (m) *Edward*, as they say,
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious Day,
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate,
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The Terrour that his Fam'd Forefather bore.
But why shou'd *James* or his Young Hero stay
For slight Presages of a Name or Day?
We need no *Edward's* Fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall with his Birth-day for some future Prince.

(n) Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' Ætherial Hosts,
And what e're In-born Saints our *Britain* boasts;
And thou, th' (o) adopted Patron of our Isle,
With chearful Aspects on this Infant smile:
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,
Secures our Bliss, and reconciles his Love.

(l) Virg. *Aeneid*. 1. (m) *Edw. the black Prince, Born on Trinity-Sunday.*
(n) *The Adopts of the Poem explain'd.* (o) *St. George.*

A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE. 7

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy Atoms did in Plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still encreasing Crimes with Fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the still impending Test,
And worse; but Charity conceals the Rest:
Here stop the Current of the sanguine flood,
Require not, Gracious God, thy Martyrs Blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toy,
Spread a Rich Harvest through their Native Soil:
A Harvest ripening for another Reign,
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his, and our Attonement go;
And Reigning blest above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreflow'd
His wonted Course, the Seas have overflow'd,
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,
And frighten'd birds in Woods forgot to sing;
The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his Lord attaints.
When will the Minister of Wrath give o're?
Behold him; at (p) *Araunah's* threshing-floor.
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand;
Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our *David's* hand.
David has bought the *Jebusites* abode,
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.

(p) Alluding to the passage in the 1. Book of Kings, Ch. 24. v. 20th.

8 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

Heav'n, to reward him, make his Joys sincere;
 No future Ills, nor Accidents appear
 To fully and pollute the Sacred Infant's Year.
 Five Months to Discord and Debate were giv'n:
 He sanctifies the yet remaining Sev'n.
 Sabbath of Months! henceforth in Him be blest,
 And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!

Let his Baptifmal Drops for us atone;
 Lustrations for (q) Offences not his own.
 Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,
 In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.

(r) Un-nam'd as yet, at least unknown to Fame:
 Is there a strife in Heav'n about his Name?
 Where every Famous Predecessour vies,
 And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?
 Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
 Such was the Sacred (s) Tetragrammaton.
 Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
 Thus the true Name of (t) Rome was kept conceal'd,
 To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those
 Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.
 But when his tender strength in time shall rise
 To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating Eyes;
 This Isle, which hides the little Thund'rer's Fame,
 Shall be too narrow to contain his Name!

(q) Original Sin. (r) The Prince Christen'd, but not nam'd. (s) Jehovah, or the name of God unlawful to be pronounc'd by the Jews. (t) Some Authors say, That the true name of Rome was kept a secret; ne hostes incantamentis Deos elicerent.

A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE. 9

Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him known;
(u) *Crete* cou'd not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.

As *Joves* (x) Increase, who from his Brain was born,
Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,
Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's Name to *Venus* had debas'd;
So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food
That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* blood:
Food that his inborn Courage might controul,
Extinguish all the Father in his Soul,
And, for his *Estian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,
Might re-produce some second *Richard's* Reign.
Mildness he shares from both his Parents blood,
But Kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child,
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.

Thus far the Furious Transport of the News,
Had to Prophetick Madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd;
Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,
And read the Book which Angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the (y) sudden blast,
The Face of Heav'n, and our young Sun o'rcast!
Fame, the swift Ill, encreasing as she rowl'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:

(u) *Candie where Jupiter was born and bred secretly.* (x) *Pallas, or Minerva; said by the Poets, to have been bred up by Hand.* (y) *The sudden false Report of the Prince's Death.*

10 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,
 And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.
 Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,
 The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the Sky.
 Here black Rebellion shooting from below
 (As Earth's (z) Gigantick brood by moments grow) }
 And here the Sons of God are petrify'd with Woe:
 An *Appoplex* of Grief! so low were driv'n
 The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,
 Earth-quakes, which are Convulsions of the ground,
 Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,
 Till the Third settles, what the Former shook;
 Such heavings had our Souls; till slow and late,
 Our life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate.
 By Prayers the mighty *Blessing* was implor'd,
 To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs restor'd.

So e're the (a) *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,
 The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd,
 A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,
 But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.
 The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,
 Ran, pray'd, and sent his Past'ral-Staff before,
 Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd,
 Till Warmth, and breath, and a new Soul return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
 Desponding *Peter* sinking in the Waves.

(z) *Those Gyants are feign'd to have grown 15 Ells every day.* (a) *In the second Book of Kings, Chap. 4th.*

A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE. 11

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded Grain,
Think not the hopes of Harvest are destroy'd
On the flat Field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest free'd,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* past,
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily Grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass.
With sparing hands will Dyet us to good;
Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving young,
With little Morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a Royal Feast,
But, where's the Wedding Garment on the Guest?
Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,
Are such as teach the Nations to *Blaspheme*.
In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we swell,
And Injuries, with Injuries repell;
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe;
Thus *Israel* Sin'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the (b) present Ark their Guard;

(b) Sam. 4th. v. 10th.

12 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

But when the haughty *Philistims* appear,
 They fled abandon'd, to their Foes, and fear;
 Their God was absent, though his Ark was there.
 Ah! lest our Crimes shou'd snatch this Pledge away,
 And make our Joys the blessing of a day!
 For we have sin'd him hence, and that he lives,
 God to his promise, not our practice gives.
 Our Crimes wou'd soon weigh down the guilty Scale;
 But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church prevail.
 Nor (c) *Amaleck* can rout the *Chosen Bands*,
 While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moses* hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
 Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
 No force the Free-born Spirit can constrain,
 But Charity, and great Examples gain.
 Forgiveness is our thanks, for such a day;
 'Tis Godlike, God in his own Coyn to pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated here,
 From your mild Heav'n, to rule our rugged Sphere,
 Beyond the Sunny walks, and circling Year.
 You, who your Native Clymate have bereft
 Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left;
 When Piety, and Beauty make their boast,
 Though Beautiful is well in Pious lost;
 So lost, as Star-light is dissolv'd away,
 And melts into the brightness of the day;
 Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,
 Lost to improve the lustre of the Gem.

(c) Exod. 17. v. 8th.

A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE. 13

What can we add to your Triumphant Day?
Let the Great Gift the beauteous Giver pay.
For shou'd our thanks awake the rising Sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon, too soon be done }
Let Angels voices, with their harps conspire,
But keep th' auspicious Infant from the Quire;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter Musick, than his Cryes below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch more
Than such an annual Income to your store;
The Day, which gave this *Unit*, did not shine
For a less Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.
After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,
The Royal Sov'raign wants an Anchor yet.
Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,
And when th' exhausted Land can yield no more, }
Your Line can force them from a Foreign shore.

The Name of Great, your Martial mind will sute,
But Justice, is your Darling Attribute:
Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but (d) one *Hero's* due,
And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you.
A Prince's favours but on few can fall,
But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of Conq'ours have assum'd,
Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd;
But boundless pow'r, and arbitrary Lust
Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just;

(d) Aristides, see his Life in Plutarch.

14 *A Poem on the Birth of the PRINCE.*

They shun'd the praise this Godlike Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.

The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate;
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few wou'd love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless Force and Immortality
Make but a Lane, Imperfect Deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And Deathless Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,
And yet Heav'n's Attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst;
But Justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly He,
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
This Virtue is your own: but Life and State
Are One to Fortune subject, One to Fate;
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand beguile,
Your self our Ballance hold, the Worlds, our Isle.

*Some Kings in Gods have found
Some to be Great, some to be Gods pretend;
The boundless pow'r, and arbitrary lust
None shall oppose the Name of Just.*